

Bloomfield Gazette.

WM. P. LYON, A. M.,
CHAS. M. DAVIS, A. M., } Editors.

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."—COWPER.

FORTNIGHTLY.

Vol. I. No. 5.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

FIVE CENTS.

FORTNIGHTLY.

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Interest allowed on Deposits of any amount, for short or long terms. All Deposits payable on demand.
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sep 7 11t

Bloomfield Gazette.

Subscriptions for 6 months, from No. 1 to No. 12, 50 cts. in advance, may be made at Bloomfield P.O. The Gazette will be sent in Bloomfield at the Post Office, at Gilbert's News Room, and at Cadmus' Stationery Store, and at Irving's News Room, Montreal.

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A Story of Western Emigration, from actual experience.

(Written for the Gazette by a Bloomfielder.)

SECOND STAGE.

AFTER moving on in this fashion about three weeks, making about twenty miles a day, it became certain we could not reach the head of navigation, Olean Point, in our present conveyances. Regrets were unavailing—repentance useless. We could not go back. We could not go forward, nor could we remain where we were. Some change must be made. At one of our stopping places, a shrewd, designing man saw our trouble, and resolved to make our necessity his opportunity. He proposed to buy the double team and take us to Angelica in a sleigh. In our strait, my father was an easy victim. The man could not give the whole value in cash, but he had a fine gold watch, which would be the same as money. To help us in our time of need, he would give him a certain sum of money, and the gold watch at his own valuation, and take us to Angelica. The offer was accepted. The coach and beautiful grays were no longer ours, and we were soon skimming over the ground in an open sleigh. The light wagon followed on as best it could.

It was now the last of February, and, just as we had got nicely started on runners, the snow began to melt and wear down, so that the carriage would have gone well, and we had to pick our way to avoid bare spots. In this sleigh we crossed the Genesee river three times in one day on the ice, when it was so near breaking up that the water flowed over the top. The venturesome, reckless driver ran his horses across at the risk of our lives, but, by the blessing of God, we reached our destination without injury. Angelica is in Allegheny Co., and forty miles from Olean Point. The roads in that region were nearly impassable while the snow was going off and the frost to remain here a week for the ground to settle. We were favored in finding a part of a house in which to spend this interval.

Through all these losses, dangers, and discouragements, my father kept up his courage. He did not relent. He felt rich with such a good wife and ten smart children to help him in the new country, and a gold watch in his pocket.

When the roads became good, he hired a man to take us on to Olean Point. Here we took another step downward. We had lived in part of a house in Angelica; now we must go into a shanty. All the emigrants did. There was a village of them, full of people waiting for boats to be built. Boat-building was a good business.

Notwithstanding all our humiliating experiences, and the condition we were then in, we had not lost a particle of our New England dignity, aristocracy, and I must add pride. We held up our heads. We really, though foolishly, felt ourselves superior to our neighbors of the shanties. It seemed all well enough for them, but for us to live so was incongruous.

In two weeks our boat was ready, our clothes all clean and provisions laid in. We embarked alone—no pilot. The Allegheny river here is full of sand-bars, shoals, rocks and snags. We made our way around, among and through as best we could, till we reached Kittanning, Pa., where we stopped and took a room to wash and bake. This was the age of back-logs and fire-sticks. There was no means of hanging a vessel over the fire to heat water in, so it was of necessity set upon a strong fire-stick. Now we were to be taken down—our pride humbled. All unseen, the fore-stick had burned away. My oldest brother, whom we all revered on account of his education, having been taken from an institution of learning to accompany the family, stood with his back to the fire, when the stick came down on one of his legs. He had on long stockings, gartered at the knee. When in our perturbation and fright at hearing his terrific screams, we at last removed the garter and turned off the stocking, the skin came off with it. It was a distressing sight. Neighbors were soon on hand with their several prescriptions. One kind, well-meaning

woman said—"An Injun meal poultice was the best thing she ever heard of for a burn."—"Would take the fire right out of you." So she made one, and, without a cloth between, applied it to the raw flesh. His torture was now past endurance. He screamed and writhed and groaned and begged to have it removed. The good woman insisted that it was the best remedy; but my mother thought otherwise and relieved him, applying her own specifics. That coarse meal was imbedded in the flesh, and at length healed into the skin, and was visible for years after.

This occurrence detained us three weeks instead of two or three days as we intended. He was carried to the boat, and we again proceeded down the river, hoping soon to see the shores of Ohio. This detention had made large drafts on our funds. Now the watch came into requisition. It must be sold. It was offered for sale at a town where we landed, but what was my father's disappointment to find it was pinchback and worth very little! What with bad bargains, unexpected delays, unthought-of expenses, the crying of freezing children, the groans and contortions of the scalded one, and last of all the sight of his pinchback gold repeater, my father's ardor was somewhat abated. The recollection of what he had possessed, had sacrificed—left—lost; the state he had brought his family into, and the sad, patient, enduring deportment of my mother, outweighed his anticipations of Western prosperity. Indeed we all began to think it would be through great tribulation that we should enter this terrestrial heaven.

When we arrived at Wheeling, Va., want of funds again compelled us to stop. It was at the time that the great National Turnpike across the Allegheny Mountain was being constructed; and hearing that money could be made by taking contracts, my father rented a house, and with little delay secured a contract, and was soon at work with his men on the road. Here we were obliged to part with some of our dry-goods to buy a few articles of furniture, and to meet daily expenses, till money could be drawn on the contract.

The climate did not agree with Northern people, and as summer approached, a number of the family took sick with fevers. My mother, on whom much depended, kept her bed five weeks. Every day seemed to bring new discouragements. We were in a slave State, and the people, who were haughty and imperious, made us feel it. There were many poor, jaded old families, moneyless, spiritless, and some of them shiftless, passing down the river, seeking up a temporary residence here. They all looked alike to those proud Virginians. The term "Yankee" was to them the synonym of all that was despicable and mean. They regarded them without discrimination, much as we do the Irish at Castle Garden. Our painful experience at this place makes me feel sympathy and compassion for foreigners in a strange land. I know the heart of a stranger, and I know that real excellence and moral and mental worth may be concealed beneath a ragged coat, or a faded dress.

During the twenty months we spent here, we had an opportunity to see some of the aspects of slavery. A number of shocking cases of cruelty and even brutality occurred which I could narrate had I time and space.

It was at Wheeling, in 1818, that we first heard of a Sabbath-school. Two Christian gentlemen were canvassing for scholars, and came to our house and invited us to attend. After we had been three or four Sabbaths, I, being about fifteen, and grown up, the superintendent asked me to take a class, which I did. This is all the instruction I ever received in Sunday-schools as a pupil. The entering this school was the first step up from our state of humiliation. I wish those men could know the import of that simple deed.

It was about two years since we left our home at the East, and we had not realized one of our dreams, nor set foot on the soil of Ohio. Now, my father's contracts being ended, and health restored to the family, we again resumed our journey down the Ohio river in an immense flat-bottomed boat, with two other families from Maine, who, as well as ourselves, had vessels ready to receive the "milk and honey" of Ohio. The two wives were sisters, and took turns in weeping and bemoaning themselves. When one gave up in despair, the other would cheer and comfort her, and the next day vice versa.

About a hundred miles below Marietta, we came to the pretty little town of G—, on the Ohio shore, and here my father decided to end our tedious journey, while the others went on. We had no difficulty in finding a comfortable house, and now we were really in Ohio, the land of our dreams. Now for the realization of our fond anticipations! Now for the farm! Where were the wild hogs? We wanted one. Where were the turkeys and geese?

We were fond of game. Where could we find some wild honey? Our sugar was out. Where were the "custard apples"? We would like a pie. It was very easy for that man at the mill to say to my father "Just take your gun on your shoulder and go out and shoot a wild hog," but we had no gun, and besides, we were gravely told that every hog in the woods was owned and marked, and any man would be prosecuted who should shoot one. The wild honey was miles away some where in the woods. We learned that "custard apple" was another name for the panpan, and the very hogs wouldn't eat them. This was the closing scene of the drama. We bowed ourselves off the stage, and went soberly to work to earn our livelihood by the sweat of our brow, like other people, "clothed and in our right mind."

This was another step in an upward direction. There was plenty of remunerative work to do, and here was a sensible, industrious family to do it, and at the end of five years money enough had been saved to buy a town lot, on which my father built a comfortable house.

The town was first settled by the French, and they were still there in considerable numbers. The character and spirit of the people here were the antipodes of the Virginians. They were polite, genial, generous, appreciative, and accessible. It may be supposed that, in our destitute condition, we descended to the lower stratum of society. That does not follow. Our mother's maxim was, "Good company, or none." She taught us that poverty need not necessarily bring degradation. "Let us keep quiet," she would say, "and take observations. Don't be in a hurry to make acquaintances. We can live by ourselves awhile. If low and unworthy persons seek our company, we will treat them with civility—nothing more, and never return their attentions, and they will soon cease to trouble us." We acted on this principle, and were well rewarded.

The town contained seven hundred inhabitants, twenty stores, a Court house and a brick academy. Religious services were held in both these public buildings, there being no church edifice. Four of us attended this excellent school, which consisted of three departments, the Presbyterian minister being principal. The pupils were from the best families, consequently, in addition to mental illumination and enlargement, valuable acquaintances were made, and life-long friendships formed. Thus the Lord looked upon us in our low estate.

During the sixth year of our residence here, the Western fever prevailed to a fearful extent, and was alarmingly fatal. Four of our family were prostrated with it, my father one of them. School and work were now suspended. My father was terribly frightened, it being the first sickness of his life, and he feared he should die. Being a visionary temperament, in the vagaries of his fever he said he heard a voice distinctly say to him, "Flee out of this place." From that moment he resolved that, if God should spare his life, he would sell his hard-earned place, leave the land of his dreams, and return to the East. He did recover, and kept his resolution.

Learning by the newspapers that three thousand houses were then going up in New York city, my father, with the approbation of the family, resolved to endeavor to retrieve his lost fortune in that metropolis. In a little more than eight years from the time we left our New England home, we embarked on an Ohio river steambot for Pittsburgh, thence crossing the Allegheny Mountains to Philadelphia, and thence in a boat for New York. Thus terminated our Western experience, of which we all had quite enough.

New Publications.

PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE: an Essay. By Herbert Spencer. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In this little book, with bright green covers, is enunciated the secret of chaste and elegant composition. It presents, which could never be truly said before, rhetoric in the form of a science. Its clear-thinking author has succeeded wonderfully in cutting down the enormous volumes of Quintilian, Blair, and Campbell to an essay; its precepts cannot fail to be equally acceptable to both the writer and the speaker. It declares as the basis of the science, this one general principle, that ideas should be so presented as to be apprehended with the least possible mental effort. The book itself is a beautiful exemplification of its own maxims; and a study of its style would be a profitable employment not only to the inexperienced, but also to some grown gray in literature. It possesses one or two peculiarities worthy of notice. One one parenthesis is to be found in the whole book, and not a single exclamation is made by the author. Several of its propositions are naturally enough put in the interrogative form. As an example of the pleasant

ing variety of its expressions, I quote the following:

"A child's vocabulary is almost wholly Saxon. He says, I have, not I possess; I wish, not I desire; he does not reflect, he thinks; he does not beg for amusement, but for play; he calls things nice or nasty, not pleasant or disagreeable."

Finally, in the entire essay the egotistical pronoun "I" is not once used by the author, the total absence of which strangely contrasts with its frequent employment by Burke, especially in his essay on the sublime and beautiful. J.A.K.

(For the Bloomfield Gazette.)

Ocean Musings.

BY THE OLD COMMANDER.
Life's like a ship in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low,
Every one must have his ocean,
Who would not waste his life in sorrow.

Thus thinks the old commander, who after sailing on life's ocean for many years, is forced to moor in a safe harbor and lay up for repairs, and feels he will never be sea-worthy again. So he will now look over his log book and see what he can find worth launching on the world. So he will call all hands and square the yards, and with a wet sheet and a flowing sea, bear away for some fairy isle of the Pacific.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE MARTYR.

A scene in the life of Santa Maria (Managua).
There is no spot in this wide world, where nature is so glorious, the skies so serene, or the ocean so smiling and calm as the sunny world of the Polynesian. It was on a beautiful morn, after a pleasant cruise of six months, we dropped our anchor in Santa Maria bay. After getting all secure, we hastened to be once more on terra firma, and now the old commander will spin his yarn.

The bay to the north of Santa Maria bay is called "Towor," the natives of which are constantly at war with the Santa Maria's; they are a wild, savage, cannibal race, and display the greatest cruelty when they make any capture; when any fall in their hands they are put to death and eat. A scene of this kind happened as we were laying in this bay. Four young maidens, who had wandered too far from their homes, were seized and carried off by the Towor Cannibals; according to their laws they were to die on the morrow. I resolved to witness this scene of barbarism and cruelty, and do what I could in my power to ransom them. I proceeded over the mountain with a few of my shipmates, well armed, and was soon on the Towor ground, a place held sacred for such purposes. I saw the innocent young victims sitting on the ground bound for the sacrifice. The king and chiefs were a distance off conversing and giving orders. I went to him and spoke of ransoming them; he expressed a willingness as far as he was concerned, for he had mingled considerably with the white people, and had some faint instincts of mercy in his heart, but he had not the power, his people were so much under the influence of the gods, that naught could dissuade them. I offered him, likewise my shipmates, a liberal present, for our hearts bled for the innocent young children before us, but of no avail. Presently the wild drum sounded and the Cannibals rushed to their work of death. I gazed on the young victims, no murmur escaped them, they knew their fate—the torture commenced, their cry of "Manoa, manoa, penny, witte, witte," "My God, come quickly," only came from their lips. I thought then how strong the poor heathen's faith was in his god in such a trying hour, and how much stronger should our faith be in that hour to lean on a Saviour. These young martyrs believed in their god, the Christian believes in his. Will it not be more tolerable in the day of judgment, according to light and knowledge for them, heathens as they are, than for us who live under the sound of the gospel? But to proceed, the cruel scenes lasted for about an hour, and then the bodies were taken down, the wild drum sounded and young and old hastened to the infernal banquet. I turned away with a sorrowful heart, and descending into a lovely valley far from the cruel scene, I sat under the shade of a lofty burrow tree and prayed for that day to come when all the world would live in peace and happiness—when the lone mariner as he sails along these lonely isles of the ocean, would sing the praises of Emanuel, and all the distant isles around would catch the strain and make the ocean sound with songs of rejoicing to the King of kings and the Lord of lords.

The chariot wheels of time roll on, years have elapsed since the commodore roamed through the fair isles of the Pacific. The great nation that has arisen in the West in California; "to redeem my people Israel," has spread the germs of Christianity in these isles, and in many an isle the sound of the church going bell is heard, and thousands now hear of a crucified Saviour who sat in great darkness.

The commodore has spun his yarn, and hopes that prosperous gales may ever bear the GAZETTE and its readers on life's voyage.

the Rocky Mountains is from 10,000 to 12,000 feet. This is the mean height of the immense continental sweep of the Cordillera de la Sierra Madre. It is probable that the average height in Colorado, which is the table-land of the continent, will approach very nearly to 12,000 feet.

The Great Beauty of Japanese Scenery.

My first sight of Japan was from the deck of the steamer Great Republic, as we sailed up the Bay of Yokohama. The aspect of the country at once charmed us, and this spell never for a moment lost its power, but rather increased in joy, and now remains a vision fair and beautiful in the mind forever.

The mountain-tops were somewhat bare, but embosomed in the numerous cliffs were woods and temples; and farther down, peaks and crags of every variety, all covered with luxuriant vegetation. Far in the distance, Fujiyama appeared—a strange sight—a mighty cone, fourteen thousand feet high, with its apex above the clouds, covered with snow down to a clear, well-defined line, where there was a dark belt, and then the body of the mountain disappeared; so that the whole thing looked like a white triangle resting in the firmament, or like some great white triangular guardian deity, silently, solemnly, but conspicuously watching over the scene.

Our sail through the inland sea was positively absorbing; headland after headland, islands of all sizes and of every description of contour, situated in all directions, and then the perpetual recurrence of villages after villages, the residences, and all the diversity of hill and dale, high cultivation, and the richness of nature, absolutely chained us to the deck. I have never seen any scenery to match it. The Straits of Anjer, between Java and Sumatra, the Okoto passage, the Straits of Singapore, and many others I have sailed through are not for a moment to be compared to it. The harbor of Nagasaki may be said to crown the whole. The entrance on a fine evening is like fairy-land. I have seen no port in the East equal to it for beauty.—Rev. Dr. Williamson.

An Important Occasion.

The Evangelical Alliance will hold its next session (1873) in New York. It was to have been held there in 1870, but the Franco-Prussian war made its postponement necessary, in order to accommodate the German and French delegates.

Dr. Schaaf has been making arrangements with representative Protestant men of Europe to be present, and it is believed that the session will bring together a greater array of European religious notabilities than has ever been seen in our country, including not a few who are dear to American theologians and scholars.

While it will thus afford special interest to our own countrymen, it will probably be still more interesting to the foreign delegates themselves. They will witness the peculiar development of religious and political life going on here, to unlike anything in most of Europe, and so problematic to European thinkers, especially religious thinkers. They will find that "the voluntary principle" keeps up an energetic, popular, religious spirit here, which is unknown within the European State churches. They will learn that the voluntary liberality of the people gives better maintenance to the clergy than their own national establishments afford, and that the foreign propagation of the common faith, by missions, is more seriously maintained by our people than by any other—England, perhaps, alone excepted.

The rapidity of intercommunication throughout the land will afford these guests the means of seeing, somewhat, the magnitude of the great territorial heritage which God has given us, and we hope that the New York committee will make thorough preparations for their cheap, or gratuitous, conveyance over the country, even across the continent to the Pacific. It will be an impressive fact for these European scholars and Christians to discover here a land several millions of square miles larger than all Europe, under one government, one flag, with one language, and pre-eminently Protestant in its religion. They will return to their homes with deepened interest for us, and boldest hopes for religion and liberty throughout the world.—Exchange.

False Eyes.

A French paper gives a detailed account of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris, from which the curious fact appears that the average sale per week of eyes intended for the human head amounts to 400. One of the leading dealers in this article carries on the business in a saloon of great magnificence. His servant has but one eye, and the effect of any of the eyes wanted by customers is conveniently tried in this servant's head, so that the customer can judge very readily as to the appearance it will produce in his own head. The charge is about \$10 per eye. For the poor, there are second-hand visual organs which have been worn for a time, and exchanged for new ones; they are sold at reduced prices, and quantities are sent off to India and the Sandwich Islands.

Climate of San Francisco.

It is hot enough at San Francisco enough in the interior, but San Francisco seems to have a climate exclusively its own. What would not the poor weathered and blistered New Yorkers have given to August for a few days of such weather as they had here all the time, at a temperature of sixty-five to sixty-eight? Right, comrades are in almost daily demand. But we worn almost the year round by some ladies, and not much more in February here in August. Umbrellas are not needed from April to October. The sun very rarely clouds and cold, and in New York of Boston every one would wonder what it was so here. And when the sun comes out, between October and April, it is not with violence—no lightning, no thunder, no tempests—but only frequent showers. That is the rainy season.

log hut, in a sequestered valley far up among the mountains of Rockland, near the same place he was born and raised, as the country phrase has it. His father

this or, expectations mind seemed of for-bode some impending evil, though she knew not what. Perhaps she apprehended she might never see her Jesse again. But

this morning might it would of course be-securely dark and frightfully dismal. Moreover, wild beasts not unfrequently made their appearance in the mountains, carry-

A chapter transformation soon revealed to these practical mountaineers the true state of the case, and also suggested to them what should be done. Two were to

In the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about," when you know you are about right.—Holmes.

pare with Colorado, or, for that matter, with any Western territory. The mean height of the Alps is from 6,000 to 9,000 feet above the sea. The mean height of